

An Obstruction of Lovers

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“Until love shalt strike thee
with the finest arrow of the
weavers bow”

Prologue

We thought we were safe on ships, a series of military vessels with the

power to bring functional structure to a world without order or an invite. Mind you, I don't know what they injected any of us with, inoculations for flu which would make us docile and susceptible to becoming prone, unable to make decisions but with senses keenly honed on an individual; any individual that is, outside of the self. Without our leader, as it were, as a result of the bond with the mythical Ær civilisation had ground to a halt, almost irreversibly. The Ær were at war with the legions of doom and destruction in the form of the armies of the dead, their furious emperor Tyme at the control of their reins. People on either side of the war with Tyme, the good, the just and the upright, as well as the noble unrelenting and unrelenting incivility of the organised criminals who had banded together with a view to fighting against this new scourge in the absence of an organised army.

People had become docile and incapable of making decisions, of which the bond between humanity and the Ær had seen to the rise of the very same. There was something in them that was mutating the people on land, and the healthy were on aircraft carriers, boats and ships alike as

well as military outposts overtaken by civilised civilians at first. But the outbreak was airborne, even people in blast shelters were unsafe as it was fused to the very atmosphere. Decontamination was failing. How little we knew then of the multiverse and of this mythical race of supposedly benevolent humanity in the form of the Ær. Their leader Time had far from explained how cruel and viciously the ferocious, and at times feral Tyme would become as his power spread across the world, his grip far from loosening.

The problem was more than just time travelling vampire-like zombies that succeeded in overcoming their hierarchical structure within the ranks of an undead army with a view to consuming and storing genetic matter for later use. Life was sane once, it would be once again.

Chapter 1

When I found out of my immortality, as
I lay on the ground preparing to be the

last of my line in the ranks of the Kings Guard, something pulled me back to my senses. A voice as I opened my eyes, looking around the palace grounds as all lay littered, strewn about as though there were no struggle on either side, or no defence. It was her, the softly spoken and somewhat direct woman who had taken control of Susan DuMont of the line of Ra. I knew this only through conversation with her, as time wore on from this terribly sordid affair in which all of the kingdom bar us two had been struck with an affliction.

In that moment, neither of us could have known that there would be a sort of temporal shift as it were. Neither of us could know that in each generation, due to the multitude of the dead, and the enormous amount of energy it took to cure one person of the Flood, we would be the only one's left for a while. It took longer still for the two of us to traverse the oceans and the sea's as companions to one another, never leaving one another's side. But over time, her voice changed, her eyes remained the same as ever, always looking towards the Southern Sea's of the old gods of the Ær. At least I knew who I was before the change that caused all of

humanity to resume in the current
guise. A war had been fought, and yet,
neither of us could remember much of
anything of our old lives. I
remembered her as Lady Sue Dumont,
Countess of the Eastern realms, she
referred to herself as Religion.
Soon, I grew to call myself by the name
the Ær would dictate. My name was
Time.

Chapter 2

“What more is death to the man who bore
a thousand islands?” his wrinkling

and grey face grimaced as he bellowed into an almost empty glass of mead. I could hear him as we walked around the corner of the old building, I remember thinking how green the multitude of tree's appeared when suddenly, without warning, his voice called out to me. I dared not force my hand too soon as we both crept towards this wretched creature, and as I approached him, hand on hilt, he let out an unamused roar.

It appeared the process of transcendence was a matter of pot luck as it were. Some of us appeared in the distant past, some of us in the distant future, some of us in the present for we were the populii general of the good lord, sire and king Time. The truth is, I have no idea why Time, in his benevolence chose to make the entirety of the House Engineering a pack of animals, but all of us became the entire inhabitants of this besieged planet, known to us by the name Antiochus IV. As I kept my hand on my sword, my shield still on my back, I realised all too quickly, this was in actuality a highly evolved version of one of the pets of the House Engineering, rather than a servant or noble or otherwise.

“Where there are one...” I finally mustered and with that began to vanquish the creature when suddenly the began raining from the sky, or the roof or the tree’s, but from heavenwards they fell and with that the fight began afresh as if we were still within the Realty.

Chapter 3

When I procured the *Book of Love: How to Love Passionately* so many moons

ago, it made sense. It just made sense from the fourteenth point of note as follows:

"amare, ponere clypeum!" the book began and to that I replied;
"I will not!" as I prepared to slay the creatures for the sake of my journey to meet Religion.

"Amemini, ponere clypeum.." the creatures implored in a deafening unison, and yet, the book remained vivid in my mind as I began swinging my weapon above my head in a singular thrust.

"Why?" I retorted as more of the creatures appeared out of nowhere and thin air at one and the same time until all seemed blackest, as with night time for the blotting out of the sun. This would surely be the longest night of my life. For I am, was and would be Time, immortal.

"..nam claritas tua lucet sicut stella.." the creatures continued their onslaught and spoke in this foreign tongue of old, of which I was growing accustomed to hearing. Yet little did I know of the fate of my love, this '*amare*' they spoke of as the demons began to attack me at my very core, in my mind of all places. Then

silence as she approached in her regality.

"in ærternum vive: ego optarum, ut nos in sermonibus. Ponere clypeum!" it was in those sacred few moments, this falsified calmness before the storm that I realised that the creatures would do anything to gain the secret of the ~~ÆOC~~ ⁰ r of the ~~Æ~~ r. They were attempting to control the gateway to the stars and the universe as a whole as I continued to slay the ballsy creatures, foolhardy and fearless.

"Who are you?" I called out in this new and god forsaken wilderness and to my surprise her voice replied;

"et nos sumus in naves aedificare in mente, ultro castellum facti sunt nobis!" and in that moment, something that could not be undone became the standard. She, Religion, who had taken the place of Salvation in the land of the Veil, between life and death began one final time. Her words were striking, almost completely bewildering as I stood before her. I couldn't tell how many centuries had passed when my surroundings returned to their natural environment, and in her stead, Sue was gone and instead Religion, true to form had been replaced by Salvation in another

woman's guise. Each of the Ær maintained their integrity in what would likely have been referred to as witchcraft or sorcery of sorts, merely a fine application of the weapon which had been referred to as the Archetype in trial.

Chapter 4

Religion stood before Tyme .

"How is it that you have defeated my entire army and left just me as a bellowing husk of a man?" he began.

"es amorae miae vitae, ego sum machina: fidem tibi habeo" she began finally after a mild consternation, lump in throat. It would have been difficult to fail to discern the raw emotion as she became him in order to return him to the Veil where he rightfully should have stayed. Her sacrifice being one of love, not for the Kingdom or the Populii General, but for the only person she had known to be love, her true love. Though thoughts of the constitution and the Quantum Ideal were of ultimate desire, she knew that she could never have Time to herself, though he stood before her in an alternate guise.

It was in these tentative moments, that something special happened. Time, who had once been stolen, shackled and imprisoned by his dead self, was now alive, for it was forbidden for anyone to travel beyond the Veil according to the Quantum Ideal. In those final moments, all the damage that Tyme had caused throughout the Realty was beginning to be undone with a view to Salvation becoming the Ær's leader in heart, spirit and mind as well as in reality

through the transendence process that happened whenever a new \mathbb{Q} of the \mathbb{R} was coronated with the Shadow of the Hand of Time residing over the trial of all living things with the use of the Universal Index as his gavel. The People of the Populii General hushed for a moment as their new king and queen began to speak throughout the ages.

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